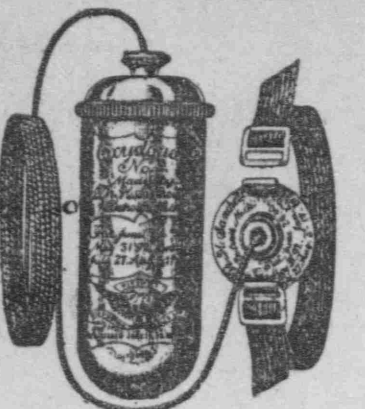


OXYDONOR

OXYGEN BY ABSORPTION.



A scientific instrument, invented and perfected by Dr. H. Sanche (after 40 years of study and practical demonstration)—the medium by which oxygen acts upon abnormal conditions of the body, restoring normal balance of health, and preserving it against further attacks.

The instrument is small, and can be used without inconvenience anywhere, and at any time, quickly relieving acute cases.

Oxydonor was successfully introduced in Washington sixteen years ago, and hundreds are now in use. We find it necessary (after many requests) to open permanent local offices for the sale of the instrument, and where advice can be obtained for the proper use of same in complicated cases.

INSOMNIA

OXYDONOR gives the sweet sleep of childhood—patients awake refreshed and invigorated—a few nights' use of OXYDONOR will convince the most skeptical. Who would not rather be cured by natural process? Most of the sleep-producing medicines weaken the heart, destroy the red blood corpuscles, and bring depressing reaction—then why use them when the OXYDONOR at small expenditure now will save you from the drug habit, and possibly insanity—so often the result of INSOMNIA.

One lasts a life time. The family can all benefit from the use of OXYDONOR.

Many convincing testimonials from well-known residents and descriptive books can be obtained gratis in the office, 1225 F street northwest, second floor.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

AMUSEMENTS.

BELASCO—TO-NIGHT

BEN GREY

STOCK CO.

The Comedy of Errors.

NIGHT—WEEK—CAST.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Office Hours, until further notice, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

WHEN A MAN STANDS

The Novel from Which the Play "Seven Days" Was Made.

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART.

Author of "The Circular Staircase" and "The Man in Lower Ten."

Copyright, 1909. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

CHAPTER XIII.

He Does Not Deny It.

Aunt Bella got up the next morning and Jim told her all the strange things that had happened. She told him that Flannigan, although she still suspected Betty of her watch and other valuables. The incident of the comfort she called nervous indigestion and bad hours.

She spent the entire day going through the storeroom and linen closets and running her fingers over thirty-three drawers. When she found any she looked at him, drew a long breath, and said, "Poor James!" It was maddening. And when she went through his clothes and found some buttons off (Jim didn't keep a man, and Takahiro had stepped at his boots) she looked at him quite awfully.

"His mother was a perfect housekeeper," she said. "James was brought up in clothes with the buttons on, put on clean selves."

"Didn't they put them on him?" I asked, almost hysterically. It had been a bad morning, after a worse night. Every one had found fault with the breakfast, and they straggled down one by one. "I was frantic. Then Flannigan had talked at me about the pearls, and Mr. Harrison had said 'Good morning' very stiffly and nearly rattled the inside of the furnace door."

Early in the morning, too, I overheard a scrap of conversation between the policeman and our gentlemanly adventurer from South America. Something had gone wrong with the telephone and Mr. Harrison was fussing over it with a screw-driver and a pair of scissors—all the tools he could find. Flannigan was lifting ruse to shake them on the roof—Bella's order.

"Wash the table linen!" he was grumbling. "I'll do what I can that's necessary. Grub has been cooked and washed—washed—I'll admit that. If you're particular, make up your bed every day; I don't object. But don't tell me we have to wash the table napkins a day. What did folks do before napkins were invented? Tell me that!"

"What's the answer?" Mr. Harrison inquired absently, evidently with the screw-driver in his mouth.

"Used their pocket handkerchiefs! And if the worst comes to the worst, Mr. Harrison, these folks here can use their sleeves, for all I care—not that the women has any sleeves to speak of. Wash clothes I will not touch."

"Don't worry Mrs. Wilson about it," the other voice said. Flannigan straightened himself with a grunt.

"Mrs. Wilson," he said. A lot she would worry. She's been a disappointment to me, Mr. Harrison, thinking that now she'd come back to him, after leaving him the way she did, they'd be like two tattered doves. Lord! the cook next door—"

But what the cook had told about Bella and Jimmy was not divulged, for the Harrison man never said a word. He was speaking distance of you, he came to me."

I am sorry, Anne, since you are fond of him, I shall try to make it impossible—intolerable. My reasons are quite sufficient."

"It is perfectly right, Anne," Lella broke in. "I tell you, I am something of a queer about him," she added in a portentous whisper.

Anne stiffened.

"There you are!" she said. "He worked all day yesterday fixing this place for you—yes, my dear, I am not blind—and last night you refused to let him bring you up."

"He told you?" I flamed.

both reached the point where adequate language failed us. Finally he said: "I wish I were dead."

"So do I," I retorted, jerking the thread.

"Where is he now?"

"Looking for more of these," I indicated the garment over the pillow, and he giggled. "Please don't squirm," I said coldly. "You will wear out your—"

He sat very still for five minutes, when I discovered that I had put the patch in crosswise instead of lengthwise and that it would not fit. As I jerked it he sneezed.

"Or sneeze," I added venomously. "You will tear your buttons off and I will have to sew them on. Don't sit, don't sneeze," he repeated. "Don't stand, I suppose, for fear I will wear out my socks. Here, give me that. If the fool thing has to be mended, I'll do it myself."

He went over to a corner of the paragon and turned his back to me. He was very busy, and about a minute later he came back, triumphant, and held out the result of his labor. I could only gasp. He had tucked up the edges of the hole like a necktie and had a neat little thread around it. "You wouldn't be able to sit down," I ventured.

"Don't have any time to sit," he retorted. "I'm busy. It would if it was tied with elastic instead of thread. Have you any elastic?"

Lella came up just then, and Jim took himself and the mending downstairs. Luckily, Aunt Bella found several letters in his room that afternoon while she was going over his clothes, and as it went wrong with the telephone and Mr. Harrison was fussing over it with a screw-driver and a pair of scissors—all the tools he could find. Flannigan was lifting ruse to shake them on the roof—Bella's order.

"Wash the table linen!" he was grumbling. "I'll do what I can that's necessary. Grub has been cooked and washed—washed—I'll admit that. If you're particular, make up your bed every day; I don't object. But don't tell me we have to wash the table napkins a day. What did folks do before napkins were invented? Tell me that!"

"What's the answer?" Mr. Harrison inquired absently, evidently with the screw-driver in his mouth.

"Used their pocket handkerchiefs! And if the worst comes to the worst, Mr. Harrison, these folks here can use their sleeves, for all I care—not that the women has any sleeves to speak of. Wash clothes I will not touch."

"Don't worry Mrs. Wilson about it," the other voice said. Flannigan straightened himself with a grunt.

"Mrs. Wilson," he said. A lot she would worry. She's been a disappointment to me, Mr. Harrison, thinking that now she'd come back to him, after leaving him the way she did, they'd be like two tattered doves. Lord! the cook next door—"

But what the cook had told about Bella and Jimmy was not divulged, for the Harrison man never said a word. He was speaking distance of you, he came to me."

I am sorry, Anne, since you are fond of him, I shall try to make it impossible—intolerable. My reasons are quite sufficient."

"It is perfectly right, Anne," Lella broke in. "I tell you, I am something of a queer about him," she added in a portentous whisper.

Anne stiffened.

"There you are!" she said. "He worked all day yesterday fixing this place for you—yes, my dear, I am not blind—and last night you refused to let him bring you up."

his arms are like piano legs; he couldn't get into it. As for the others, there is only one person who would fit, or nearly fit, that overcoat, and that is Dallas, Anne."

While Anne was choking down her wrath Lella got up and darted out of the tent. When she came back she was triumphant.

"Look," she said, holding out her hand. And on her palm lay a lightish brown button. "I found it just where the paper said the board was thrown out, and it is from Mr. Harrison's overcoat, without a doubt."

Of course, I should not have been surprised. A man who would kiss a woman on a dark staircase—a woman he had known only two days—was capable of anything.

"Kit has only been a little keener than the rest of us," Lella said. "She found him out yesterday."

"Upon my word," said Anne indignantly, preparing to go, "if I didn't know you girls so well I would think you were crazy. And now, that I do know this, I can tell you something. Flannigan told me this morning not to worry; that he has my pearl collar spotted, and that your ladies will have their jokes!"

Yes, as I said before, it was a cheerful, joy-producing situation.

I sat and thought it over after Anne's parting shot, when Lella had flounced downstairs. Things were closing in; I gave the situation twenty-four hours to develop. At the end of that time Flannigan would accuse me openly of knowing where the pearls were; I would explain my silly remark to him, and the mine would explode—under Aunt Bella.

I was sunk in dejected reverie when some one came on the roof. When he was opposite the opening in the tent I saw Mr. Harrison, and at that moment he saw me. He paused uncertainly, then he made an evident effort and came over to me.

"You are better to-day?"

"Quite well, thank you."

Does it keep off the wind?"

"It is quite a shelter," I replied.

He still stood, struggling for something to say. Evidently nothing came to his mind, for he lifted the cap he was wearing, and, turning away, began to work with the wiring of the roof. He was clever with tools; one could see that. If he was a professional gentleman-burglar, no doubt he needed to be. After a bit, finding it necessary to climb to the parapet, he took off his coat, without even a look in my direction, and fell to work vigorously.

One does not need to like a man to admire him physically, any more than one needs to like a race to admire its splendor. No one could deny that the man on the parapet was a splendid animal; he looked quite big enough and strong enough to have tossed his slender bridge across the chasm and the next roof without any difficulty and co-ordinating enough to have crossed on it with a flourish to safety.

Just then there was a rending, tearing sound from the corner and a muttered ejaculation. I looked up in time to see Mr. Harrison throw up his arms, make a futile attempt to regain his footing, and disappear over the edge of the roof. One instant he was standing there, splendid, superb; the next, the corner of the parapet was empty, and the scattered wires were a broken, splintered post and a tangle of wires.

I could not have moved at first; at least, it seemed so. I was so struck by the significance of the thing, penetrated by my dazed brain. When I got up I seemed to walk to crawl, with leaden weights holding back my feet.

When I got to the corner I had to catch the post for support. I knew somebody was saying, "Oh, how terrible!" over and over. It was only afterward that I knew it had been myself. I was so startled and my voice was saying, "Don't be alarmed. Please don't be frightened. I'm all right."

I dared to look over the parapet finally, and instead of a crushed and unspeakable body, there was Mr. Harrison, sitting about eight feet below me, with his feet swinging into space and a long red scratch from the corner and end of across his cheek. There was a sort of mangled there, with windows, and just enough coping to keep him from rolling off.

SKANNSONS & C

6th St. & Pa. Ave.

"THE BUSY CORNER"

Silks---Remnant lengths

Good variety in each lot and the remnant price is but a trifle compared to real value.

Ayd., 19c

Ayd., 29c

Taffetas, Foulards, Messalines, Lengths from 1/4 to 6 yards. Worth up to 75c a yard. First Floor—Silks.

Peau de Cygnes, Foulards, Messalines, Lengths from 3 to 12 yards. Worth from 50c to \$1.00 a yard.

MORNING CHIT-CHAT.

"THE man I love doesn't love me. Tell me some way to make him." is the substance of the world-old appeal that occasionally appears in my mail in one form or another.

Dear folks, if I could give any recipe for the solution of that trouble, don't you know that I'd be rich beyond the dreams of avarice or Midas or John D?

All I can offer is just a few suggestions. Take them for what they are worth. I really think that's a little something.

There is an old idea that if you want to win a man's love, it helps for you to act indifferent toward him. I think that is a great mistake. Indifference seldom serves as a spur except when your steeed is already galloping. If I wanted to make a man love me, I should show him in a frank, open way—not boldly, or in forward fashion, but just as I would a girl—that I liked and admired him. That, if it didn't do anything else, at least would convince him that I had surprisingly good taste.

Secondly, I should ask his advice. A man naturally feels superior when he is giving advice, hence pleased with himself, hence pleased with you. Ask it often, steer him around to telling you what you intend to do anyway, and then make sure that he knows you are following his words of wisdom.

Then I would take an interest in his health. Never mind how little need there seems to be. The bigger and brawnier the man, the more fuss he likes to have made over him, because he has been used to fuss. And then I would surprise him by the intelligent interest I took in his fads. Not—mind you—by what I knew about them, but by what I wanted to know. I know a girl who fell in love with a man who had a mania for botany. She knew nothing about botany and hated sciences of all kinds, but she got a book and read up on it. "I suppose he was surprised to find out how much you knew about botany," I said when she told me about it. "Oh, no," she answered. "I didn't act as if I knew anything about it—only as if I wanted to know. I did that reading not so that I could appear well informed, but so that I could ask intelligent questions and listen well. I knew that was all he'd want."

When I had brought him to a letter writing stage, I would make it a point, no matter how much I wanted to, not to answer his letters too quickly. Nothing gives value to a letter like having to wait longer than you expected to for it. Even the letter you are comparatively indifferent to acquires an inflated value from delay—and the letter you are really anxious for—well, your eagerness for that gets fairly burned into your brain.

And, lastly, I'd go after him with all the arts that convention allowed me. Of course, I don't mean I would openly pursue him. That would probably be as unsuccessful as it was unwomanly—although I have seen the woman who hunts her quarry in the open field succeed.

What I mean is, that if I loved a man and were afraid he wasn't going to love me, I wouldn't sit still and suppose he would. I would deliberately set to work to study his tastes and his habits, his fads and his ideals, his sense of humor, his admirations, and his dislikes, and in so far as I could do it in a womanly way, I would mold myself to their measure.

Impossible?

To anything else but love—Yes.

RUTH CAMERON.

LATEST FASHIONS.

THE SECRET OF DRESSING.

One word spells this charm that every woman recognizes, many women strive for, and comparatively few achieve. Individuality in dress is the secret.

The thought is a happy one, for it means that one need not depend upon imitations from expensive designers nor upon a limited purse. The woman behind the gown is the important thing. Individual taste should never be allowed to be submerged in the mass of the latest fashion. "Everybody wears them" is the worst word of the woman who lacks a forceful personality, and generally the quality of being distinct from the crowd.

This means that each woman is a law unto herself and should consider the gown or hat that she is selecting with a sane eye to her own defects and her own good points. She will frequently notice that many well-dressed women confine themselves to a limited scale of colors. The reason is obvious. Few of us are of the complexion that is suited to all shades, and every one has a becoming color.

This tendency to wear blue in its many shades, or brown, varying from tawny to the dark golden brown, or the tints and shades of green, gives individuality and also a practical opening to a happy combination of one's color and her wardrobe. A blue hat can be worn with all dresses if this scheme be followed out.

Another secret of being well dressed is to exercise taste in the selection of the eternal fitness of things is an important factor. Do not wear frills and flounces with unnecessary jewelry when at work, and do not wear a dress that is too elaborate for an evening function. The unattractive figure of a woman should not be made conspicuous by conspicuous accessories. The young girl should not affect styles that are suitable to her mother. Last of all, avoid extremes! Do not make your hat too large in this season of large hats, and do not hide your head too decidedly under a wide brim. The wide sleeves must not approach the ridiculous, as they did years ago, by being foolishly ample, and when a dress is in the fashion class let it be no less dignified. Give to